

STUDLEY-PARK.

A

1465. d. 8

P O E M.

Inscrib'd to a Person of Honour.

*Te nostræ, Vare, Myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet : Nec Phæbo gratior ulla,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit Pagina Nomen.
Hic gelidi Fontes, hic mollia Prata Lycori :
Hic nemus, hic ipso Tecum consumerer Ævo.*

VIRG.

Y O R K:

Printed by CÆSAR WARD. MDCCLVI.



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STUDLEY PARK.


THY Park, fair *Studley*! and thy sylvan Scenes,
 Thy flowing Fountains, and thy flow'ry
 Greens
 Invite my Song. Ye nine, whose noblest Strains
 Charm'd the soft Shades of *Windsor's* lovely Plains;
 Like those gay-blooming these shall boast your Care,
 In Fame distinguish'd, as in Beauty fair.

O *A*——! in whose exalted Mind
 Fair Wisdom dwells, by native Grace refin'd:
 Scorn'd the false Glare of Fashions tasteless Toys,
 Dissembling Pleasures, and delusive Joys,

A

Sub-

4 STUDLEY PARK.

Sublimer Views are thine, a nobler Part,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart:
Yet, left thy Toils of studious Thought a while,
Look on my Labours with a grateful Smile,
And pleas'd, for once, while *Eden* blooms again,
Forget that Life's Inheritance is Pain.

*Rural Pros-
pect various.*

Thro' far-extended Vistas, verdant Shades,
Thro' dew-bright Vales, and sunny-gilded Glades,
O'er bloomy Lawns where op'ning Flowers display
Their golden Bosoms to the Smiles of Day,
Around the ravish'd Eye distracted strays,
Most pleas'd when most she knows not where to gaze.

*Groves of
various mentioned
trees.*

Here Groves arrang'd in various Order rise,
And bend their quiv'ring Summits in the Skies.
Th' exalted Oak high o'er the circling Shade,
Majestic Monarch! lifts his tow'ry Head.
The spreading Ash a diff'ring Green displays,
And polish'd Asp for ever-trembling plays.

The

STUDLEY PARK. 6

The Fir gay-drest in Spring's eternal Prime,
 The spiry Poplar, and the stately Lime,
 From the far Summit down the deep'ning Vale,
 In Ranks alternate crown the beauteous Dale.
 Here Moss-clad Walks, there Lawns of lively Green
 United form one nicely-varying Scene:
 The varying Scene still charms th' attentive Sight,
 Where brown with Shades, or op'ning into Light,
 Charms each delighted Sense, while all around
 Is Fragrance, Beauty, and melodious Sound.
 Here the gay Thrush, Corelli of the Grove,
 Harmonious breathes the Raptures of his Love:
 Each Warbler here that wakes the tuneful Spring
 Lifts the glad Voice, and plies th' expanded Wing:
 The Love-suggested Song and varied Strains
 Fly round the vocal Hills and list'ning Plains;
 The vocal Hills and list'ning Plains prolong
 The varied Strains and Love-suggested Song.
 To Thee, all-bounteous Nature! Thee They pay
 The welcome Tribute of their grateful Lay.

*mossy walks
& Lawns.*
✓

*The tuneful
Birds.*
✓

STUDLEY PARK.

To Thee, whose kindly-studious Hand prepares
 The fresh'ning Fields and softly-breathing Airs;
 Whose Parent-Bounty annual still provides
 Of foodful Insects such unbounded Tides.
 Beneath some friendly Leaf supremely blest,
 Each pours at large his Joy-dilated Breast,
 Nor changeful Seasons mourns, nor Storms unkind,
 With those contented, and to these resign'd.

The Deer. Here sprightly range the Grove, or skim the Plain
 The sportive Deer, a nicely-checker'd Train.
 Oft near their Haunt, on Him who curious strays
 All throng'd abreast in fix'd Attention gaze;
 Th' intruding Spy suspiciously survey,
 Then butting limp along, and lightly frisk away.
 Not so when raves the Pack's approaching Roar,
 Then Loves endear, then Nature smiles no more:
 In wild Amaze all tremblingly-dismay'd
 Burst thro' the Groves, and bound along the Glade.

Stag-hunting And now some stately Stag, prepar'd to fly,
 Fires all the Malice of the murd'ring Cry:

Forc'd

STUDLEY PARK. 27

Forc'd from his helpless Mates the destin'd Prey
 Bears on the Wings of quiv'ring Fear away :
 In Flight (ah could his matchless Flight avail)
 Scorns the fierce Steed, and leaves the flying Gale,
 From some lone Vale now trembling hears afar,
 In long, long deep'ning Howls, the madd'ning War ;
 While loud-exulting Triumphs thunder round,
 Tremble the Mountains, and the Rocks rebound.
 In vain, yet vig'rous, He renews his Race,
 In vain dark Mazes oft perplex the Chace :
 With Speed inspir'd by Grief He springs again
 Thro' vaulted Wilds and devious Woods in vain.
 Th' unrav'ling Pack still onward-pouring trace
 The various Mazes of his circling Race.
 Breathless at last with long-repeated Toil,
 Sick'ning He stands—He yields—He falls the Spoil:
 'Mid horrid-growling Hounds all mangled lies,
 And, bath'd in bleeding Tears, defenceless dies.
 From all the various Blooms of painted Bow'rs,
 Fair banky Wilds, and Vallies fring'd with Flow'rs,

Where

*ampler scenes
 or
 extensive view*

8 STUDLEY PARK.

Where Nature in Profusion smiles Delight,
 Now Pleasure-fated turns the raptur'd Sight.
 Come then, bright Vision! Child of heav'nly Day!
 From this fair Summit ampler Scenes survey;
 One spacious Field in circling Order eye,
 And active round the far Horizon fly,
 Where Dales descend, or ridgy Mountains rise,
 And lose their Aspect in the falling Skies.
 What pleasing Scenes the Landskip wide displays!
 Th'enchanted Prospect bids for ever gaze.
 Ten thousand Pleasures Joy-diffusing yield
 The flow'ry Vallies and the painted Field.
 Here Pastures, Rocks, wild Wastes, and wand'ring Rills,
 There spiry Forests, Groves, and Sun-climb'd Hills,
 Alternate gives the varied Prospect round,
 With Riv'lets gleaming, or with Shades imbrown'd.
 Hail charming Fields of happy Swains the Care!
 Hail happy Swains possesst of Fields so fair!
 In Peace your plenteous Labours long enjoy;
 No murd'ring Wars shall waste, nor Foes destroy;
 While

*wish of Plenty
 & Peace to the
 Country Swains.*

STUDLEY PARK. 9

While Western Gales Earth's teeming Womb unbind,
 The Seasons change, and bounteous Suns are kind,
 To social Towns, see! wealthy Commerce brings
 Rejoicing Affluence on his Silver Wings.
 On verdant Hills, see! Flocks innum'rous feed,
 While glad the Shepherd tunes his lively Reed.
 See! golden Harvests sweep the bending Plains;
 "And Peace and Plenty own a BRUNSWICK reigns.
 The roving Eye from Nature's wild Domain
 Attracted turns to fairer Scenes again.
 Scenes, which to Thee, refining Art! belong,
 Invite the Poet, and inspire the Song.
 Sweet philosophic Muse! that lov'st to stray
 In woody-curtain'd Walks and dim-seen Day,
 Lead me where lonely Contemplation roves,
 Thro' silent Shades and solitary Groves.

Stop daring Foot! The sacred Maid is here!
 These awful Glooms confess the Goddess near.

*The
 Woods, the
 seat of y^e muse*

Low

10 STUDLEY PARK.

Low in these Woods her Fav'rite Scene is laid,
The Fence umbrageous, and the dark'ning Shade,
Whose bow'ry Branches bar the vagrant Eye,
Affailing Storms and parching Suns defy.

*a gentle Current
rent thro' mea-
dows. & cas-
cade.*
rural Bliss A gentle Current calmly steals serene
In silv'ry Mazes o'er the weeping Green,
'Till op'ning bright, its bursting Waters spread,
And fall fast-flashing down a wide Cascade.

✓ A spacious Lake below expanded lies,
And lends a Mirror to the quiv'ring Skies.
Here pendent Domes, there dancing Forests seem
To float and tremble in the waving Gleam.
While gayly-musing o'er its verdant Side,
Pleas'd I behold the glassy Riv'let glide;
Bright in the Verdure of the blooming Year,
Where circling Groves their full-blown Honours wear;

*the bloom of
the Spring.*
rural Bliss ✓ Ambrosial Daughter of the spicy Spring,
While fragrant Woodbine scents each Zephyr's Wing;
While Nectar-footed Morn approaching dies
In radiant Blush the rosy-checker'd Skies;

The

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

STUDLEY PARK. 11

The first fair *Eden* o'er th' enchanted Plain,
 Reviving smiles, or seems to smile again.
 Hail, blissful Scene! divine *Elysium*, hail!
 Ye flow'ry Blooms eternal Sweets exhale:
 The blest Afylum's here, the sacred Shore,
 Where Toils tumultuous tear the Breast no more.
 From wild Ambition free, from dire Despair,
 Appalling Terror, and perplexing Care.
 Happy the Man who in these Shades can find
 That Angel-Bliss, Serenity of Mind;
 Walk the fair Green, or in the Grotto lye,
 With Hope-strung Breast and H^{er}n-erected Eye!
 While cheated Worlds by Pleasure's Lure betray'd
 Thro' Rocks and Sands pursue the Syren-Maid,
 And long-bewilder'd urge the weary Chace,
 Tho' still the Phantom slips their void Embrace:
 'Tis his with pitying Eye to see—to know
 Whence purest Joy's perennial Fountains flow.
 With this exalting Charm divinely blest
 The dear Reflection of a Blameless Breast:

*The Happy Man's
 rural Retirement*

✓ *rural Bliss*

B

Where

12 STUDLEY PARK.

Where sweet-ey'd Love still smiles serenely gay,
 And heav'nly Virtue beams a brighter Ray.
 Soft smoothly-pacing slide his peaceful Days,
 His own his Censure, and his own his Praise,
 Alike to him, both Subjects of the Grave,
 The Scepter'd Monarch, and the menial Slave.
 Thrice happy He who Life's poor Pains has laid
 In the lone Tomb of some sequester'd Shade!
 More amply blest if gloriously retir'd,
 With Learning charm'd, and with the Muses fir'd;
 Who nobly dares with philosophic Eye,
 Thro' full Creation's bounded Orbs to fly;
 Pleas'd, in their well-form'd Systems, still to find
 The matchless Wisdom of th' immortal Mind.
 Still charm'd in Nature's various Plan to trace
 His boundless Love and all-supporting Grace.

*Content's abode
 with rural Peace
 & virtue.*

Ye pompous Great! whose Dream of Glory springs
 From founding Titles, or the Smiles of Kings:

Ye

.S T U D L E Y P A R K. 13

Ye lawrell'd in the bleeding Wreathes of War!
And ye whose Hearts are center'd in a Star!
Say, all ye Sons of pageant Splendor, say,
E'er cou'd ye boast one unimbitter'd Day?
Cease the vain Hope in dazzling Pomp to find
Divine Content to humbler Lots assign'd;
The modest Fair frequents the lowly Cell,
Where smiling Peace and conscious Virtue dwell.
While thro' the Maze of winding Bow'rs I stray,
The Shade's dim Gloom, or Vista's op'ning Day;
Soft-sighing Groves, where filky Breezes fill,
Kiss the smooth Plain, and glassy-dimpling Rill;
In silent Vales, by sadly-mourning Streams,
Where swift-ey'd Fancy wings her waving Dreams;
What sacred Awe the lonely Scenes inspire!
What Joys transport me, and what Raptures fire!
Visions divine, enchanted I behold,
And all the Muses all their Charms unfold.

Ye Woods of *Pindus*, and *Etolian* Plains
 No more shall listen to immortal Strains:
 Flow unconcern'd, no Muse celestial sings,
 Ye *Thracian* Fountains, and *Aonian* Springs!
 No more your Shades shall leave the naked Shore,
 Nor Songs arrest your raptur'd Currents more.
 And Thou, *Parnassus*, wrapt in deep Alcoves,
 Mourn, in sad Silence, thy forsaken Groves:
 No more thy Warblers rival Notes admire,
 Nor choral Zephyrs fill the breathing Lyre.
 Each drooping Lawrel bends it's languid Head;
 The Strains are vanish'd and the Muses fled.

To nobler Hills where fairer Forests grow,
 To Vales where Streams in sweeter Accents flow;
 To blooming *Studley's* more delightful Shades.
 Welcome ye sacred, ye celestial Maids!

Wake the soft Lute, here strike the sounding String,
 Make the Groves echo, and the Vallies ring:

Har-

STUDLEY PARK.

15

Harmonious lead thro' rosy-smiling Bow'rs
The soft-ey'd Graces and the dancing Hours.

In awful Scenes retir'd where gloomy Night,
Still broods unbannish'd by returning Light;
Where Silence, fix'd in Meditation deep,
Folds in her Arms her fav'rite Offspring Sleep;
Musing along the lonely Shades I roam
'Till beauteous rises a devoted Dome,
Thy Fane, seraphic Piety ! low-plac'd
In fable Gloom, by deep'ning Woods embrac'd.
Nor radiant here the Prince of Day displays
His Morning Blushes, nor Meridian Blaze :
Rolls o'er the World the splendid Orb unseen,
'Till his last Glories gild the streaming Green ;
Then sportive Gleams thro' parting Columns play,
Here waves a Shadow, and there smiles a Ray.
Just Emblem of the Man who, free from Strife,
Th' uneasy Pains that vex the Noon of Life ;

*Sacred solitude
admired. S*

Not

Not dazzled with the Diamond-beaming Zone,
Flash of a Lace, or Brilliance of a Stone,
Courts the last Smiles of Life's declining Ray,
Where Hope exulting reaps eternal Day.
The sacred Solitude, the lone Recess,
An awful Pleasure on my Soul impress:
Raptures divine thro' all my Bosom glow,
The Bliss alone immortal Beings know.
Ah, knew that sovereign Bliss no base Alloy,
Were my *Philander* witness to my Joy:
What nobler Pleasure could we boast below!
What Joy sublimer Heav'n itself bestow!
Haste, my gay Friend! my dear Associate, haste;
Life of my Soul, and Partner of my Breast!
Quick to these Shades, these lonely Shades retire:
Here light thy Graces, and thy Virtue fire:
Here sheds sweet Piety her Beams divine,
And all the Goddess fills her heav'nly Shrine.
Celestial Maids before her Altar move:
White-handed Innocence, and weeping Love.

See

STUDLEY PARK. 17

See Charity ! best Daughter of the Skies,
With op'ning Arms and bounty-beaming Eyes:
See the soft Pearl the plaintive Goddess shed !
Majestic Mourner ! hark—her *Graham's* dead.

Her prideful Domes let *Richmond* boast alone:

The sculptur'd Statue and the breathing Stone:

Alone distinguish'd on the Plains of *Stowe*,

From *Jones's* Hand the featur'd Marble glow:

Tho' there unnumber'd Columns front the Skies,

To fabled Gods forbidden Temples rise,

Unenvied, *Studley* ! be this Pomp of Art,

'Tis thine the Pow'r to please a virtuous Heart.

From this lov'd Scene with anxious Steps I trace

Each devious Winding of the banky Maze ;

To the tall Summit of the Steep repair,

And view each gay surrounding Prospect there.

What Joys expand my Breast ! what Rapture warms !

While all the Landskip opens all its Charms :

While

*Studley seat
in Studley Park
Its fine Sculp-
ture.*

18 S T U D L E Y P A R K.

While pleas'd I see the parting Shades between
The Lake fair-gleaming and the smoother Green.
Thro' lowly Grotts, where wandering Shadows stray,
Groves gently wave, and glist'ning Waters play.

J. H. B. This is not in Studley Park but is the name of another Place not far distant from Masham.
On Thee, fair Hackfall! Fancy bends her Eye,
Longs o'er the Cliffs and deep'ning Lawns to fly.
Inchanted sees each silv'ry-floating Wave
Wash thy green Banks, thy flow'ry Vallies lave:
And now delighted, now she joys to hear
Thy deep flow Fall long-lab'ring thro' her Ear.
All-beauteous Nature! Object of my Song,
To Thee my first, my latest Strains belong:
To Thee my Lays I tune, while envious Art
In rival Charms here courts the raptur'd Heart.
Like Thee to please, she decks the painted Bow'r,
Spreads the smooth Lawn, and rears the Velvet Flow'r:
With winding Arbours crowns the sylvan Dale,
And bends the Forest o'er the lowly Vale:
Bids the loud Cataract deep-thund'ring roar,
Or winds the Riv'let round a mazy Shore:

Am-

STUDLEY PARK. 19

Ambitious still, like thee, when she beguiles,
 Wins with thy Grace, and in thy Beauty smiles.
 In this gay * Dome where sportive Fancy plays,
 And imag'd Life the pictur'd Roof arrays ;
 Proud in thy Charms the Mimic shines confess,
 Beams the soft Eye, and heaves the panting Breast.
 But see, all lively, in this breathing Stone,
 See the sweet Grace of fair † *Emilia* shewn !
 Vain Strife, alas ! nor could the Pow'r of Art
 The fair *Emilia's* heav'nly Grace impart :
 Pride of thy Works when she divinely shone,
 All Skill was weak, all Fancy was outdone.
 From Thee, prime Source ! kind-handed Goddess ! flow
 The purest Blessings that we boast below :

C

To

* Upon an Eminence, East of the Gardens, stands a House of *Chinese* Structure, beautifully decorated, and commands a most ravishing Prospect over the variegated Scenes below. Scenes which, as they are laid out with the most elegant Taste and agreeable Variety, no Eye can view, nor Idea recall without Admiration.

† In this House is a Head of Mrs. *Aissabie*.

To Thee it's Beauty owes this charming Scene,
These Groves their Fragrance, and those Plains their
Green:

For Thee the Muses Wreaths eternal twine,
Immortal Maid! for every Muse is thine.
Oh, wou'd'st Thou then thy secret Charms unfold!
Nor this coy * Statue like too studiously with-hold:
Oh, wou'd'st Thou lead me thro' the boundless Sky!
Regions untravell'd by a mortal Eye;
Or kindly aid, while studious I explore
Those arduous Paths thy *Newton* trode before!
There wond'ring shou'd my raviisht Eye survey
New Worlds of Being, and new Scenes of Day.
But if for my weak Wing and trembling Sight,
Too vast the Journey, and too full the Light,
Inglorious here I'll tune the lowly Reed,
How rolls the Fountain, and how springs the Mead.
Or, bear me to the Banks, ye sacred Nine!
Of beauteous *Isis*, or the Silver *Time*:

* The *Venus* of *Medicis*.

To *Time*'s delightful Banks, where, ever gay,
 My dear *Philander* lives the peaceful Day:
Philander free from Passion's fretful Train,
 Ne'er felt the Thorn of Anguish nor of Pain:
 His Heart-felt Joys still Nature's Charms improve,
 Her Voice is Music, and her Visage Love:
 Pleas'd with the Change each various Season brings,
 Imbrowning Autumns, and impurpled Springs:
 For Him kind Nature all her Treasures yields,
 She decks the Forest, and she paints the Fields.

O say! where bloom those Time-surviving Groves,
 Where ancient Bards first sung their sacred Loves:
 Those sadly-solemn Bow'rs, ye Muses! say,
 Where once the melancholy *Cowley* lay?
 When long perplex't with Life's deluding Snares,
 Her flatt'ring Pleasures, and her fruitless Cares;
 Obscure He fled to sylvan Shades alone,
 And left Mankind to be for ever known.

*The Haunt of
 the Ancient Bard
 enquired for.*

Such were the Scenes where *Spenser* once retir'd,
When fair *Eliza*'s Fame the Muse inspir'd ;
When *Gloriana* led her Poet's Dreams
O'er flow'ry Meadows, and by murm'ring Streams:

Immortal Bards! whose Death-contemning Lays
Shall shine distinguisht with eternal Praise.
Knew my poor Muse, like you, to soar sublime,
And spurn the Ruins of insulting Time ;
Where'er I stray ; where blooming *Flora* leads,
O'er sunny Mountains, and thro' purple Meads ;
Or careless in the sylvan Covert laid,
Where falling Rills amuse the mournful Shade ;
Ye rural Fields should still resound my Lay,
And Thou, fair *Studley* ! smile for ever gay.

CELADON.



C E L A D O N.

A PASTORAL on the Death of a Reverend Clergyman.

M Y R S O N.



WHILE Nature's Hand, that never works in vain,
With various Beauty paints the blushing Plain,
While chearful Morn invites her warbling

Throng

Joyous to pour their tributary Song,
What means it, *Daphnis*, that a Swain so gay,
With thankless Sorrow meets the Smiles of Day?

D A P H N I S.

Ah! *Myrson*, see these Tears that ceaseless flow;
Tears only speak unutterable Woe.

Hence

*sympathy of
woe.*

Hence let the Groves, the purple Fields decay,
By Mildews blasted, or to Storms a Prey,
The fondly prattling Warbler cease to sing,
Stop the faint Voice, and droop the feeble Wing,
Let Nature hence thro' all her Scenes deplore,
With *Daphnis* mourn when *Celadon's* no more.

M Y R S O N.

Dear hapless Youth! is thence thy gen'rous Pain,
Those Tears distressful, and that plaintive Strain?
Too well the Pow'r of forceful Grief I know,
Nor bid Thee cease that unavailing Woe.
Yet let not murm'ring Sorrow rashly blind,
Deem the directive Hand of Heav'n unkind:
At heav'nly Joys 'twere envious to repine,
Or mourn the Mortal when the Saint's divine.

D A P H N I S.

Thou, fair *Ituna*! whose dear native Stream
Late conscious listen'd to the Heav'n-taught Theme,
Queen

P A S T O R A L S. 25

*Sympathy of
woc.*

Queen of the weeping Muse in mournful Strain,
Teach the responsive Grottoes to complain.
No more, ye Swains, with Music wake the Shade,
Ye Flocks untasted let the Verdure fade;
Ye Fields and Dales, ye Woods and Wilds deplore,
The Pride of Shepherds, *Celadon's* no more.

M Y R S O N.

And art Thou gone! could Heav'n no longer lend
The Poor a Patron, the Distrest a Friend?
Thy guardian Hand to aid unheeding Youth,
And guide them safely in the Paths of Truth.
O wou'd, (since Thou, my *Celadon*, art fled,
None surely can be happy but the dead)
Wou'd some blest Spirit hov'ring from on high,
Knock at my Soul, and kindly bid me die.
The raptur'd Sound with Ardour I'd obey,
And quit these Bonds of perishable Clay.

D A P H N I S.

D A P H N I S.

*Death to be
cheerfully wait-
ed for.*

Fixt in the Shade of this imperfect State,
 'Tis our's submissive better Scenes to wait;
 And plaintive musing on each various Pain,
 Or o'er the pebbly Brook, or on the Plain;
 In love with Nature, let us, while we stray,
 To Nature's Parent pure Devotion pay,
 By Him soon summon'd shall we take our Flight
 Far to the Realms of uncreated Light,
 There find your Friend on the same blissful Shore,
 And, crown'd with endless Glory, mourn no more.

P A L E M O N.



P A L E M O N.


 HERE *Winton's* Banks the beauteous *Eden* laves,
 And sylvan *Bela* blends her Sister Waves,
 Low in the Covert of a lonely Grove,
 The Swain *Palemon* mourn'd his hapless Love :
 Sad as he sigh'd the trembling Streams complain,
 They wept in Pity, tho' they wept in vain.
 As vain, poor *Sylvio* ! thy ill-fated Care ;
 The Balm of Friendship cou'd not heal Despair.

S Y L V I O.

Gone !— yes, 'tis gone, fair Spring's soft Season's o'er,
 And Strains melodious fill the Groves no more.

D

Flocks

*a Friend's
 woe lament
 -ed.*

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Flocks

*a Friend's
 woe lament
 -ed.*

26 P A S T O R A L S.

Flocks wander where ye will, thro' Marsh or Mead,
Untended stray, and unregarded feed,
Nor e'er one Joy shall *Sylvio's* Bosom know,
But mourn for ever my *Palemon's* Woe.

P A L E M O N.

No— let me weep in these sad Shades alone,
My Tears unpitied, and unheard my Moan,
For ever weep, nor thou my Griefs deplore,
Nor wound this Breast with yet one Sorrow more.

S Y L V I O.

Unhappy Youth! is there no gladd'ning Ray,
No Smile of Joy to look Despair away?
Yet thus distrest thy dubious Fears compose,
Hope chear thy Breast, and Pity sooth thy Woes:
The Fair once more let mild Intreaties move,
Intreaties mild may soften Her to Love.

P A L E M O N.

P A S T O R A L S. 23

P A L E M O N.

Bid weeping Sorrow smile, or Grief be gay,
Bid ———

S Y L V I O.

—Simple Shepherd, take thy Reed and play.
The Fields and Groves, the Mountains and the Plains,
Shall plead the Pow'r of thy prevailing Strains;
While Flocks assembled fill the dancing Glade,
Joy thrills each Breast, and Raptures ev'ry Shade.
The Nymphs and Swains with joint Applause shall hear,
Nor *Delia* lend an unregarding Ear.

*Sylvian
Strains.*

P A L E M O N.

Ye social Shades adieu! ye friendly Swains!
That shar'd my Joys, or piteous mourn'd my Pains:
And Thou, dear Youth! whose Bosom knew no Care,
No Pleasure knew *Palemon* did not share,

My

28 P A S T O R A L S.

My gen'rous Friend! — his fault'ring Accents fell
 Imperfect, nor could form the Word, *Farewell*,
 In Sighs fast-bursting Grief extreme deny'd,
 On *Sylvio's* Breast his poor *Palemon* dy'd.

FINIS.

